

He Keeps Me Warm

by Kudamonday

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Summary: Short drabble about Master Chief's thoughts about the Arbiter, who he happens to be sleeping with at the time. Based off the song "Same Love" by Macklemore. There was many ways you can describe their relationship, but 'understood' is definitely not one of them. Please review!

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****Pairing: Master Chief/Arbiter****

****Timeline: Some point in Halo 3****

****Description: Short drabble about Master Chief's thoughts about the Arbiter, who he happens to be sleeping with at the time. Based off the song "Same Love" by Macklemore.****

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A loud grunt was heard as Arbiter took a seat beside Master Chief, the Sangheili's foot was propped up on the back of the Warthog, allowing the creature to un-clip the armor around his leg. Without missing a beat, Chief turned his attention away from removing his own boots to assist Arbiter, not even flinching as Arbiter did the same for him, but instead of un-clipping his boots, he was un-clipping his chest plate. The two men were fast, easily able to undo each others armor, knowing every crack and turn like a continuous monologue playing in their minds.

After being out of armor, Chief yawned, removing his helmet on his

own, as he always did. Not that he was too uncomfortable with Arbiter removing his helmet for him, but the action made Chief feel more in control and less weak, not that he was weak, mind you. The SPARTAN watched with an amused look as Arbiter struggled to get under his blanket, not as used to the man-made material. Chief reminded himself to ask Arbiter if his people had blankets in the morning, for now, he was tired, and his lover looked troubled.

"You alright, Arby?" Chief asked, using the pet name he used on Arbiter whenever they were alone (Or in public, but only around Keyes and Johnson).

Arbiter nodded, he actually kinda hated the pet name sometimes, but when John used it... he could stand just a little bit. "I'm fine, Demon." He declared, rolling over on his side, away from John.

Chief chuckled. "Demon? You haven't called me Demon in two months, Arby. Just tell me what's wrong, I promise not to laugh."

With a heavy sigh, Arbiter shook his head, turning over to at least pull John down to rest beside him under the blanket. "It is not important, De- John. We may discuss it during another night. For now, rest."

"Got it. Night, Arby." John muttered, resting happily against Arbiter as the Sangheili finally drifted off, obviously whipped out, with no energy to continue in questioning the Arbiter.

Master Chief couldn't hide a sly grin as he was left to stare happily at his lover, tracing patterns on the other creature's leathery skin that he found soft and comforting. As lame as it was, Chief probably could write poetry about Arbiter, but he had never been one with words really. No, the other SPARTAN kids had been so much more social and open with each other, but Chief, he had been stoic and distant. Whether it was from shyness or not, Chief had no idea, all he knew was that his entire childhood had been spent keeping away from the other kids and staring off into the distance during group pictures.

He wondered if there were any SPARTAN's left. Probably not, he had heard from a lot of marines that he was the last SPARTAN left. The last SPARTAN... No, this didn't bother Chief, before you ask. Okay, yes, it bothered him greatly to be honest. Here he was, the byproduct of a generation, created for one soul purpose; win the war. And now, Chief was the only being left who had that drive built into them. He stared again at the Arbiter, taking in how the Sangheili's chest bobbed up and down as he breathed, mandibles vibrating slightly to make a rather soothing purr sound enter the air.

It was a small comfort.

Chief and Arbiter had been working together for four now, but had only hooked up two months in. Ever since, the two had been taking better care of each and themselves. As embarrassing as it was, now that Cortana wasn't there to tell him he needed to eat, Chief had more than once now not taken good care of himself to the point that he fainted or collapsed. Arbiter had done the same, but only once, seeing as he was oh-so driven to destroy the Prophet of Truth. Not that Chief blamed him, if he had been forced to war over something that was a complete lie, he'd be ticked off too.

"No wonder we get along so well." Chief mumbled, resting his forehead against the Arbiter's chest, taking in the great heat from the other.

Another thing that Chief couldn't help but think about were the responses he had gotten when he and Arbiter had announced their relationship. Keyes had been completely neutral with it, merely chuckling here and there when she caught them kissing, and Johnson had laughed for ten straight minutes before realizing they were serious, but hadn't made any negative nor positive comments on the affair, giving John reason to believe that Johnson was pretty neutral on it too. The marines, however, were a different story.

One of the reason Chief and the Arbiter had stayed low with their relationship before announcing it was because they had been witness to alot of verbal and even physical abuse from marines pointed towards couples. Before, there had been two outed Sangheili/Human relationships, both be homosexual male ones at that. It wasn't as insulting to be gay apparently in the marine corp society as it was to be having intercourse with a Sangheili, which some marines had even accused as treasonous.

So, the duo of the Arbiter and Master Chief had kept quiet, only know to be a couple by the two other Sangheili/Human couples, who had sworn to never tell a soul. However, after one of the marines had been severely injured by an 'accident' during a fight, a marine who Chief had been reminded was in one of the two 'sacrilegious' relationships, he had, more or less, loudly explained on the way out from that mission that he and Arbiter were going to be making out in locker rooms. To this, many marines had spit out their drinks or laughed hysterically.

Never say that Master Chief wasn't comedic when he wanted to be.

That night, after outing them, Chief had been approached by a few brave marines who questioned him heavy as to why he had ever fallen in love with a Sangheili, which, really, was a mystery to Chief too. He could've told him about the time he had had a panic attack and had seeked comfort from Arbiter, about the week long coma Arbiter had been in once and how Chief had refused to leave his side, heck, he could've talked about nights like this where he rambled to himself and traced the Arbiter's skin with his military rooted hands.

But no, he always had one, built-in response;

"He keeps me warm."

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A/N: A bit lame, but I really liked it, specifically meant to be super fluffy. I hope you all like it, please review, it would be so fantastic!

End
file.